THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 34. SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

IT is not intended by the Conservative party to appoint a professional agent to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Spofforth. Arrangements have, however, been made by which all correspondence respecting election matters will be conducted by Mr. J. E. Gorst, late member for Cambridge.

A wine-shop sign-board at Joinville-le-Pont bears the words:—"Bonvin de Payala buvette des fleures." A little consideration leads to the discovery that what is meant is, "Bon vin de pays à la buvette des fleurs!"

On Saturday evening there was washed ashore at Perranporth a broken piece of teak wood, about three feet long, and about three or four inches wide. On one side it was painted blue, and on the other was rudely inscribed, apparently with a knife or chisel, with the following in Roman capitals:—

TY OF BOSTON IS SINKING FEB 11
M

The date is variously read by persons who have seen it; some considering that the two strokes after "Feb." represent the Roman notation of two, whilst other persons hold that they are Arabic numerals for eleven. Of the word "City" all has been broken away except the lower part of the letter T and the Y. Beneath the date is what looks like a rudely formed capital M, which is supposed may be the initial of the writer's name. The board is much battered and saturated. It appears to have been in the water a considerable time, and is believed to be genuine sea waif. It remains in the possession of Mr. Hickey, of the coast-guard, at Perranporth.

The Bill to legalise Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister was carried through committee on Wednesday last by a large majority.

The second Spring Exhibition of the Botanical Society was held on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. It was the largest on record, the usual tent being filled to overflowing with plants, and a large portion of the conservatory cleared to accommodate the contributors. The roses, azaleas, and deuszias, were especially fine, and there was a very good collection of green-house plants and flowers. Although there was a cold wind, the company was numerous.

M. de la Guéronnière is now known in diplomatic circles as, "accoucheur to the ideas of the Emperor."

An anonymous benefactor, under the initials "W. P. D.," has forwarded 1,000*l.* to the Treasurer of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the *Chest*, City-road. A sovereign remedy, we should imagine, for the complaint.

A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much or more for me with pleasure."

Mr. T. Hughes (*not* of Epsom) gave notice on Thursday night, that on Monday he would ask the Home Secretary whether, having regard to the great and growing scandals in respect to betting on horse races and the recent failure of the attempt made at the Jockey Club to remedy the evil, the Government would legislate on the subject. Oh, Tom Brown, Tom Brown!

At Longden, in Staffordshire, a lady lately applied for the office of Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages; but, though there was a feeling in her favour, she did not get the post. One gentleman opposed her on the ground that in the course of her duties she would be compelled to hear "bad language;" though we are not told why the Staffordshire folk should be especially coarse on those interesting and solemn occasions.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes"—Calcraft we trust.

Newsboys on the Central Pacific Railroad advertise for sale, among other things, the "Portrait of Brigham Young, Prophet of Jesus Christ and President of the Central Railroad." Something like the epitaph on Lady O'Looney:—"She was a sincere Christian, also she painted in water-colours."

A caricature of the Pope having appeared in a Vienna comic paper, the *Flea*, the Papal government addressed a complaint on the subject to the Austrian Foreign Office, through the Nuncio at Vienna, and at the same time hinted that the only satisfaction for the insult thus offered to the Church in the person of its head would be an official prosecution of the paper by the Austrian authorities. The Austrian government, however, did not take the hint, so that the only course remaining to the Nuncio is to prosecute the paper himself—which, under present circumstances, he does not seem at all disposed to do.

Definitions by the Hospodar of Duffraria:—
Scruples:—The gloves of conscience.
Opposition:—No-no-mania.
A Doctor:—The minister of the interior.
Ritualism:—The coquetry of religion.

A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits, in one of his papers says:—"For the effects of intemperance, see our inside."

A banquet, in honour of Lord Byron's birthday, was given at Delmonico's, the great New York *restaurateur's*, on the 25 inst. It is said, but we do not give credence to the rumour, that most of the *Entrées* were *à la* Beecher-*mel*.

The following story is current in Paris:—The Princess of Monaco who, by the advice of the Emperor Napoleon, recently returned to her husband at Nice, determined for some reasons not known to quit him, and with her mother took seats in a carriage forming part of the train for Paris. The Prince followed his wife, and desired her to alight, but she refused. He threatened to invoke the aid of the gendarmes, but the Princess was inexorable. The station master, finding the hour of departure had already passed, ordered the carriage in which the Princess was seated to be disconnected, and despatched the remainder of the train to Paris, leaving the Prince and his wife to arrange their difference at leisure.

In Texas, young girls of ten years of age make a broom of one end of a stick by chewing. This they dip into the family snuff-box, which is generally of a capacious size, and then restore it to its place in one corner of the mouth. From this early age to the close of life, there is no cessation of this pleasing practice. By it, the skin is given an unnatural colour, the lips and mouth are injured, and the whole constitution of the woman is undermined. Indulgence in it is so universal that there is no attempt at concealment. Whoever may happen to be present, after each meal the women of the household repair to their "dipping."

Nestor Roqueplan died on Tuesday afternoon. One of the best known men in Paris, his fame may have reached the ears of comparatively few in London. A *ci-devant jeune homme*, or, as he perhaps might better be termed, a very old *beau*, his carefully got up face and figure were among the best known upon the Boulevards. He was supposed to date from one of the first years of the present century. A journalist, an author, a theatrical critic, he was also the manager in turn of more than one Paris theatre—the Variétés, the Opéra Comique, and even the Grand Opera, where the *Prophète* was brought out in his time. Latterly he managed the Châtelet, where he produced one or two pieces which had a great run. He died suddenly of disease of the heart.

During his recent visit to us for the Epsom Spring Meeting, Robert Milton, the sporting correspondent of the *Figaro*, was cleaned out at the "Three card trick." He has related his adventure, which was of the stereotyped pattern, under the title of "Les Requins de Terre."

The *Gaulois* is responsible for the following:—Henri de Latouche was holding forth one day to Béranger on the efficacy of "energetic measures." "Ah!" sighed the veteran poet, "believe me the school of Danton has had its day. Put as much lead as you please in the heads of the people, only let it be by means of your —— books. You may bite your lip my friend, but you can't ripen grapes by putting them on the gridiron." Se non e vero e ben trovato.

The following copy of the will of a Spitalfields weaver, has been proved in Doctors' Commons:—

"As to all my worldly goods I have in store,
I leave to my dear wife and her's for evermore;
I freely give; I no limit fix—
This is my will, and she executrix."

A fit *pendant* to the epitaph:—

"His body's here, his soul's in Heaven:—
Eighteen hundred and fifty-seven."

The charge against George Holman for having "ripped up" the sides of The Doctor, has very properly been dismissed.

A Reminiscence of Rachel.—*Béatrix* was being rehearsed at the *Odéon*. In the great scene, borrowed from *Romeo and Juliet* one of the characters has to take poison, and die by the side of his mistress. The actor who was playing the part went through his death agonies with so little truth and passion that the *tragédienne* called out to him in her most cutting manner: "I don't think you can have been poisoned, sir; it must be the colic."

When a girl "gets a young woman," she mostly wants to get a young man as well.

It is with great regret that we record the death, on Monday last, of Mr. Daniel Maclise, R.A.

Philosophy in Frilled Drawers.—"Mamma, I want some bread and butter." "In an hour; and if you are good I will put some jam upon it." "And if I am not good?" "Then you will have dry bread." "Well then, I will be good for half an hour; and then you can give me half bread and half jam."

Ou parle beaucoup aujourdhui du *bouton* envoyé par le souverain aux dames qui, sans invitation, peuvent assister aux chasses impériales.

Il y a quelque dix ans, une femme fort célèbre fut l'objet de cette rare faveur, et le bouton lui arriva alors que son mari était appelé au dehors par les exigences de ses hautes fonctions.

A peine l'époux rentrait-il, que sa moitié lui criait, suffoquant de joie:

"Oh! mon ami—, tu ne sais pas!— le bouton m'est venu!—"

Et comme Monsieur, interdit, restait coi:

"Eh bien! continua Madame, tu ne me dis rien?"

"Qu'est-ce que tu veux que je te dise?—gratte-toi."

The well known eccentric and stammering C., asking the other day at a West End restaurant for pea-soup, was furnished with a basin in which there floated, in an ocean of soup, one colossal pea. C. at once divested himself of his coat and waistcoat. "I beg pardon, sir," remonstrated the head-waiter; "but gentlemen don't usually dine here in their shirt sleeves." "I shan't d-d-dine;" answered C. "I'm only going to t-t-take a header into my soup to recover my p-p-pea."

On the Boulevard Sébastopol there is a cheap print shop, one of the present attractions of which is a lithograph of Rochefort, so worn by "vain repetitions" that the hair, almost effaced, looks nearly white. "Ah," said an admirer the other day, in a voice full of emotion, "that is the effect of imprisonment! Sainte Pélagie has added ten years at least to his age."

Bébé, dit papa, "tu as une petite sœur, es-tu content?"

"Oh! oui, bien content! Et comme maman va l'être aussi quand elle le saura!" Je vais vite aller le lui dire!

"How do I look, Pompey?" said a young New York dandy to his negro servant, as he had finished dressing.—"Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion."—"Bold as a lion, Pompey! how do you know? You never saw a lion."—"Oh! yes, massa, I seed one down at Massa Jenks's, in his stable."—"Down at Jenks's, Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenks has not got a lion; that's a jackass."—"Can't help it, massa; you look just like him."

In the House.

Black Monday, *April 25th.*—The House resumed after the Easter holidays, and, judging by the uninteresting nature of their proceedings, the legislature seemed depressed to a man by their recall from the peaceful delights of the country to their arduous duties within the walls of St. Stephen's. After a few unimportant interrogatories, and a personal explanation from Mr. Newdegate,who complained that, in reference to his motion for an inquiry into conventual and monastic institutions, he had been pursued in a most insulting manner by Sir Charles Clifford, Mr. Langdale, and others, and that he, therefore, desired to bring their libellous statements to the notice of the House, as a breach of its privileges (cheers), the House resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means on the Budget, and adopted the formal resolutions in relation to the Stamps Consolidation Bill. The Naturalisation Bill then passed through Committee.

On the order for the third reading of the War Office Bill, Mr. J. Fielden adopted what he confessed to be an unusual course at that stage of the proceedings, in moving that the Bill be read that day six months. His sole reason for opposing it appeared to be that he had not thought it worth while to find out for himself till too late what the Bill was about; and he, therefore, after a short debate, paid the penalty of his supineness in the rejection of his motion by a majority of seventy-four in a thin house of only eighty-six members, and the Bill passed. Mr. Goschen's Metropolitan Poor Relief Bill was read a second time, and the Committee was fixed for Thursday.

The Attorney-General, ignoring the entreaties of Mr. Neville Grenville and Mr. Broadley for a postponement of the Bridgewater and Beverley Disfranchisement Bills, pressed his motion on the attention of the House, and the Bill was read a second time, so that the sins of these corrupt constituencies bid fair to find them out. One or two other small bills were advanced a stage, and the Solicitor-General obtained leave to introduce his Religious Tests in Universities Bill, with which the House concluded its labours for the evening.

Tuesday *April 25th.*—Dreariness was the order of the evening. Mr. Torrens moved for a select committee to inquire into the political relations between this country and self-governing colonies. He was seconded by Mr. Eastwick and opposed by Lord Bury, who moved the previous question, and was supported by Sir C. Dilke; and the debate which ensued—which was only interesting to those far-seeing politicians who interest themselves in matters abroad, to the exclusion of questions nearer our own doors—terminated in a majority for Lord Bury's amendment, Mr. Torrens's motion thus receiving a most effectual "*go-by*."

Mr. Denison moved for a select committee to inquire into the law of compensation for accidents as applied to Railway Companies. This is a subject which is to our thinking of far greater importance than it appears at first sight. At present Railway Companies are compelled by law to maintain a high rate of speed, and, like Pierre François, are compelled to "take all risks," while the rates of conveyance are fixed by law. His proposal, therefore, was to limit claims for damage to schedules according to the class of conveyance by which passengers travelled, unless they chose to pay higher fares according to an insurance ticket of a higher character. We are glad to record that the motion was assented to. Railway Companies have heretofore been considered fair game for plunder; but the eyes of the public have been partly opened by the actions resulting from the late New Cross accident, and shareholders have now a chance of escaping the mulcting of their dividends by exaggerated, if not in many cases, swindling claims for compensation for doubtful injuries.

Wednesday, *April 27th.*—The morning sitting was principally occupied with the discussion on Mr. T. Chambers' Bill for Legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Naturally enough the House was treated to abundance of argument drawn from Leviticus and the Mosaic law.

Mr. Gladstone supported the member for Marylebone mainly on the ground that it was not wise to strain too far the principle of prohibition, lest they should too far weaken the authority which the Marriage Laws ought to possess, and that by longer resistance they might further widen the area of demands for a relaxation of those laws, which would be undesirable. In other words, he was inclined to accept a small evil in preference to incurring the risk of the introduction of a more sweeping innovation, by allowing the present sore to rankle.

Mr. Beresford Hope was, as usual, in strong opposition, and wound up a fervent speech by charging every one who went into the lobby in favour of the Bill to do so with the conviction that he was also voting for marriage with a brother's widow, a niece, and an aunt, propositions which seemed to fill the honourable gentleman with so much horror that we make no doubt he rejoices in uncomely nieces and exceptionally disagreeable spinster aunts. Does he?

Earl Percy simply thought that the promoters of this bill sought to change the law without substituting any definite settlement of the question. It had better be left alone, unless they were prepared to map out the entire marriage laws on a distinct and comprehensive basis.

Mr. Denman supported the Bill, in favour of the principles of which he quoted the opinions of Archbishop Whately; but,

Sir Roundell Palmer knocked the bottom out of the authority of the bumptious prelate in a single sentence; and, adopting the social view of the question, threw himself, as might be expected, into the arms of the Opposition. The tide in favour of Mr. T. Chambers was, however, too strong, and swept on with a fierceness which carried the Bill into Committee, over the quicksand of a dangerous amendment on the part of Mr. J. G. Talbot, and fanned by the favouring breeze of a further motion of its promoter making the application of Clause 1 applicable to Scotland as well as England, through two succeeding clauses and the preamble; and it was ordered to be reported to the House as amended amid loud cheers.

(After the debate the *Man about Town* was heard murmuring in his sleep in the Reporters' Gallery:—

"If Dick's father is Tom's son, what relation is our worthy Editor to the Grumbler's sister's aunts' grandmother's cousin.")

We pause for a reply till our next issue.

The Man Abroad.

Baden-Baden, April 28th.

The departure in two hours' time of the train which will carry both this letter to London and the writer back to Paris, warns me to despatch my weekly communication to the *Man About Town*—a communication which, if brevity be the soul of wit, will be absolutely teeming with humour. Though Baden is such a delightful place to pass a fortnight in absolute repose in, it does not admit of much description: in the first place, because a legion of writers have already fastened upon it, and reproduced, with more or less fidelity, the various features which have obtained it notoriety; from the novelist who lays the scene of the climax of his hero's or heroine's career on the plains of Iffezheim, or the orange promenade in front of the Conversation House, to the special correspondent of the *Daily Dirtpie*, who initiates us into the mysteries of red and black, and fairly revels in the description of the most high, mighty, and *puissant* princes, with whom he has been holding the sweetest of sweet counsel daily under the trees of the Russian Club, while the ladies of the club are some of them fanning him, and others preparing him iced drinks cunningly made by their own fair and delicate hands. This being the case, and as, besides, there are few readers of the *Man About Town* who have not been at Baden-Baden, perhaps, as often as myself—and as Murray, with other guides, have told all who have not been there as to the minutest details of Baden scenery—I am also at a loss what to write about. I felt for an instant inclined to indulge in a treatise on the morality of gaming, or to furnish some interesting particulars as to the depth of the dungeons in the New Castle; but, on reflection, I fear that the editors would have something to say the next time I came to London; and as that will be very shortly, I must look for some other topic. There has been recently a fresh analysis of the waters here, which is not, however, I fear, of any thrilling interest. The frescoes in the Trinkhalle are very beautiful, and the legends connected with them far from unromantic; but I dare not discourse on them to any length. The cutting off of all these subjects of discourse leaves me no great choice of material, and I have a mind to be taken suddenly ill, to receive a telegram from the King of Prussia, or to have my letter mislaid in the course of transmission—each of which events would, of course, spare me the necessity of continuing. But I will endeavour to hold out a little longer, though time really warns me to be brief. Since I last wrote I have been passing my time in making excursions to the different places of interest in the vicinity. One day, I devoted to the Jagd Haus, which is a kind of pavilion erected for the use of the Grand Dukes when they go out hunting and shooting. By the way, a German Hunt is a very wonderful spectacle. Cavalry officers dressed as for a review, burgomasters in costumes to which our own Lord Mayor could not give an ounce, with a sprinkling of the *jeunesse dorée* of garments fearfully and wonderfully made, in imitation of what they have seen in pictures of Herring, or, perhaps, even at a meet at Kirby Gate, form the *dramatis personæ;* and on the way to the meet you would think that there was no Leicestershire Oxer or Galway wall which would stop them. But bide-a-wee, and see them descry the first gap—I cannot call it fence—and with many drawings of swords and *Gott in Himmels*, they all face round and gallop home again. This may be considered an exaggeration, and even a calumny on the fellow-countrymen of the plucky sportsman who has purchased from you a Derby and a Liverpool winner; but you must remember that in Germany, and even in France, the love of sport has not yet become at all general, though it has made of the last few years giant progress. The number of breeding establishments and race meetings is rapidly increasing throughout Germany, and I almost wonder that some of the English sporting papers do not give their readers more information as to what is going on. It is true that the gathering here receives full attention at the hands of chroniqueurs; but, apart from this, we hear nothing, though the penny gaffs which take place around London are treated with as much circumstance as might be a Coronation or a second Field of the Cloth of Gold. An excursion to the Jagd Haus, with a breakfast awaiting your arrival, is a pleasant way of passing the morning. Any one who cares about fishing, should go to Eberssteinburg, and spend a couple of days there in the pleasant country run, where they will cook to perfection the fine trout which, if an expert disciple of Izaak Walton, you will catch in the Oos stream. From Baden to Wildbad (the Baron wins) the drive over the mountains through the Black Forest is exquisite; and the Prince and Princess of Wales could not have chosen a spot better suited to enable them to enjoy the repose which, after the fatigues of the London season, is so very grateful, particularly as it is comparatively difficult of access for those terrible tourists who can scent royalty from leagues distant, and who can stare incessantly in at a window which gives them a view of anything above a duke for hours together. "Yet of those English, how they are terrible," is the exclamation of the foreigner, when the typical British *voyageur*, such an one as would call in a loud tone for beefsteak and porter at Tortoni's, or sing the songs of the great Vance amid the snows of Jura, comes in sight, accompanied by the typical British *voyageuse*, who is even more heartrending than her spouse. Peace be with them; they are, I have no doubt, honest and true as steel, but their tastes are better suited in Cheapside and Clapham than among the seven hills of Rome, or the storied ruins of those cities, which, being dead, yet speak from out the dust of centuries. "Argus," moralising in the cellars of Diomed, tracing the steps of Nydia, and visiting the haunts of Arbaces and Sallust, is enough to make one regret that Pompeii and Herculaneum have risen from their ashes. Perhaps, however, as the discovery of a wine-flask, containing liqu

nearly two thousand years old, gave the young lion of the D—y T—h an opportunity of treating us to a classical article in which every name to be discovered in Lemprière, McCulloch and Haydon found its place, I should hardly go as far as that. You will say that all this has very little to do with Baden. Well; no, it has not; but what do you wish? I can only repeat that the charm of Baden must be felt to be appreciated; I cannot describe it better than by saying that if one should see Naples and die, one should see Baden and be immortal. Alas! in an hour I shall be far away at Kehl, and twenty-four hours before this is in print back among the advocates of Imperialism and Socialism, wearied to death by arguments for and against a plebiscitum, and with nothing to console me but the anticipation of another visit here before the summer is far advanced. *Je pars; je meurs.*

Our Prize Rhymes.

Prize Word—No. XXVII.—Vase.

First—

Belinda is showing an exquisite Vase:
"Old Sèvres, Rose du Barri, Medallions, Pa's,"
Are the words which are leaving her coralline lips,
When, her hand on the porcelain treasure, she slips!

One rises: but vain all their efforts to raise
The broken, the ruined, past-praying-for Vase;
For a handful of fragments, a million flaws,
Are all that remain of the prostrated Vase.

W. W.

Second—

On the banks of the Maas
I pluckt a rose;
In a porcelain Vase
There it now grows.

To her who my love has
I 'll give the plant;
Also, the china Vase—
Oh, no, I shan't;

For that worst of mammas
(*Her* mother I mean)
Might smash my poor Vase,
Which its colour is green.

But 'mid shouts and hurrahs,
We 'll go to the altar,
And my rose and the Vase
Will go to the daughter.

Jacko.

Third—

When "Emperor," 'mid loud hurrahs,
From "Alice Hawthorn" snatched the vase;
That night said Betty, "Missis, laws!
Miss Blanche's too abundant gauze
Have smished to bits the 'posslin' Vase!"—
Hear Mulligan's more humble phrase:
"Bedad, she's cracked the masther's Vase!"
We 've got another name to back us,
And that one Q. Horatius Flaccus,
Whose word for Vase I asked in class,
The master (German) answered "Wass."

Sir Single.

I can read, write, and parse,
I can love and can hate;
And I won the Queen's Vase,
Which I keep with my plate.

I'm a gay son of Mars,
Full of glory, I ween;
But I most prize that Vase,
The gift of my Queen.

Hon. Sportsman.

Fill high with good wine the glittering Vase!
Drink to the fall of him who debars
Mortals from pleasure!
Fill a full measure!
Sorrow to him who gaiety mars!

In Vino Veritas.

You 're very kind to give us Vase!
The rhymes come thick as snow;
It goes with tars, and cars, and stars,
Or bars, or spars, you know.

Then, if you hit on claws or wars,
Or pause on haws that grow,
They still match well with some folks' Vase,
And make the metre flow.

Rays, lays, or Millais even pays,
For those who 're very slow;
These awkward people call it Vase,—
Where do they think to go?

Rose.

I've tried in many and various ways,
And passed two sleepless nights and days,
And my friends look on with grief and amaze,
At my silent air and abstracted gaze;
And the governor calls me to his study and prays
Me to tell him what 'tis on my mind that weighs.
"Is it unrequited love"? he says,
"That on your health and spirit preys,
Or"—here I broke in, "'Tis not that me dismays;
But I 'll tell you the cause (and make no more delays),
I can't find a word that will rhyme well with Vase."
With a "whew" he jumps up, his face all in a-blaze,
Runs out of the house and jumps into a chaise
(Drawn by a couple of fast-trotting bays),
And, as he drives off, in a loud voice he brays:
"You fool! you 'll look better in a pair of old stays,
Than in trying (by rhyming) to win a gold Vase."

Etruscan.

I love a sparkling pair of grays—
Arab-bred, without a stain—
Fed on good Russian oats and maize,
With smooth coats and silky mane.

How they can tear thro' holding clays,
Champing bit with flashing eye:
The load behind them nothing weighs,
As their courage makes them fly.

They revel in the summer rays,
Native to their Southern breed;
Clarion blowing, sound their neighs,—
Like greased lightning is their speed.

Such steeds are worth a golden Vase,
Heroes of the equine race;
Conquerors worthy of the "Bays,"
So prodigious is their pace.

Rotten Row.

Some time ago, I think it was last year,
Three Englishmen, to make him look like Mars,
The statue of Du Gueslin helmetted.
O gods! on him they placed a Vase.
The Frenchmen, this joke could not parse—
Or rather, did not seem to see it;
But would have given them some jars
On their own heads; but justice, d—— it,
Stopp'd them, and put the lively three
In quod—where they deserved to be.

Literal Translation.

In Surrey, when the night-jars
Sing their long peculiar note,
I hie me to the stone Vase,
Which is beside the moat;
And all my conduct I parse,
What has been good or bad,
And all the while the star, Mars,
Shines on and seemeth glad.

In-spes.

Royal Ascot still we cherish,
With its golden cup and Vase;
May these trophies never perish,
Like the plate once called the Czar's.

Royal weather, bright and sunny,
Free from winter's grim catarrhs,
Everybody spending money,
Smoking freely huge cigars.

Many a swell in splendour drest
As a sunburnt child of Mars;
Many a "fiver" crisp invest
On the horse the "layer" bars.

And on the motley crowded lawn,
Many a little plunger "stars,"
And lords, whose title-deeds are gone,
Lost at many gambling spas.

While noble ladies, rich and fair,
Do not find the contact jars,
Tho' the "welchers" rudely stare,
And there is a crowd of beggars.

Antinous.

I saw a painted porcelain vase
Of Grecian shape and make,
And on its side the warlike Mars
His ponderous spear did shake.

Then Venus, goddess fair of love,
Directed Cupid's darts,
Which, falling from the heights above,
Are fixed in mortal hearts.

Then Jove, almighty god, is seen,
Upon his lofty seat;
And royal Juno, lovely queen,
Of heaven and earth complete

Ravenscliffe.

I remember! I remember! when I used to go to school
At Doctor Green's academy—(*he* said I was a fool);
One day I took a squint (I remember it with pain)
Into his study, where he kept all sorts of porcelain,
And vessels rare, of every kind, and antiquated mould;
(*My* only thoughts were, what a lot of ginger-beer they'd hold.
And, if the Doctor caught me, I'd get 50 lines to parse!)
When I twigged a bouncing fly resting on a gorgeous vase.
—— I *killed* that fly, and smashed the vase—"Mirabile dictu!"
I'd 500, 'stead of 50 lines, and a painful licking too!

Don Roberto.

I sighted, whilst beside the sluggish Maas,
Beneath the wave, sunk in the mud, a vase;
T'was ancient, and not all the wealth of Czars
Could tempt me to forego it. Thus the bars
Which interposed 'twixt us, e'en like old Lars

Porsina before Rome, who, crossed by Mars,
As valiant fought as our own "jolly tars."
I overcame, determined, hook or crook,
To be possessor of 't. So in a shady nook,
By help of crook, I landed it,
Then hooked it.

Durdles.

Don't talk about the Portland vase!
That work of art has many flaws.
It's leaky, too, I'm thinking.
Not so with mine, it wins applause
From all who know æsthetic laws;
'Tis clear as crystal, thin as gauze,—
'Tis this I use when drinking.

I watch the bar-maid, as she draws
My tipple, and fills up my vase,
When, if the liquor 's shrinking,
I hold it to the light, and pause,
Then ask to have it filled, because
A bumper I, from vase to jaws,
Can transfer without winking.

The Last.

"May you marry her? Yes!" is mamma's
Way of showing her heart's own content;
But the father "Ahum's" and "Aha's,"
Before he will give his assent.

When the sanction is also Papa's,
The news flies through the place rapidly;
And the plighted ones shine as two stars
Over the night of the social "ennui."

Then the presents—clock, salver, and vase,
Plate, ornaments come unto light;
And a host of "Oh my's!" and "Oh la's!"
Show a proper amount of delight.

Then will follow some family jars
From offended relations and friends;
And when they have vented their "Bah's!"
To church the whole company wends.

After breakfast, a cry of ta-ta's,
Bid the new-married couple Farewell;
After them follow slippers, Hurrahs,
And after them—Ah! Who can tell?

From an unexplained cause,
Some pronounce the word Vause,
But those people are wrong, without doubt:
For what good reason bars
Their pronouncing it Vase
I really could never make out.

Bohemian.

In my room I kept a Flower Vase,
Till my "Maitre"—For then I was in France—
Exclaimed with horror, "Oh il va zi,
Tuer," and that will not be in a trance.

Wall Flower.

Competition Papers received from Jabez Horn; Bos; Merry Hart; Violet; A.; Mary Usher; F. F. P.; Hodge; Quak-quak; Coote and Tinney; Dromio; X; Rus in Urbe.

Prize Word—XXVIII.—Crucible.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
In Time for the Early Morning Mails.

Office: 19, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
STAMPED.

Yearly	£0 13 3
Half-yearly	0 7 0
Quarterly	0 3 6

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AD PARNASSUM.—The e is long. So must be your ears, if you think otherwise.

VIOLET.—Your Floral Waltz is very pretty, but we do not review music in these columns. With such a title, should it not have been written in "Common Thyme"?

CA.-SA.—Thank heaven! we know nothing of your kind of tap. Apply to your lawyer, and get the best of him, if you can.

BROTHER TO VEX.—Why bother us? We cannot possibly know anything of the matter. You are very like your brother.

ROSSIGNOL.—The notes are very much alike. As like as a five and a ten. We prefer you and the latter: but it is all a matter of taste.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

The further consideration of this subject is unavoidably postponed until next week.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Medea. Half-past Eight.
DRURY LANE.—Abu Hassan—L'Oca del Cairo. Half-past Eight.
ADELPHI.—Too Much of a Good Thing—The Prompter's Box—My Precious Betsy. Seven.
LYCEUM.—Sampson's Wedding—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.
OLYMPIC.—My Turn Next—At Eight: Frou-Frou—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.
STRAND.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—Happy Village—A Lucky Friday—The Princess of Trebizond. Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'.—Quite by Accident—At Eight: M.P.—Dearest Mamma. Half-past Seven.
NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.
ROYALTY.—Vandyke Brown—Little Mother—At Nine: Black Eyed Susan—Rely on my Discretion. Half-past Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos. Seven.
GLOBE.—Milky White—Robert Macaire—Vandyke Brown. Half-past Seven.
CHARING CROSS.—Captain Smith—The Twin Sisters—Ixion. Seven.
ASTLEY'S.—Peep o'Day. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

SINCE the Indian mutiny there has been no such universal feeling of indignation as that which the late massacre of our countrymen in Greece has excited in every English heart. From the fiends who filled the well at Cawnpore we had, of course, no right to expect the forbearance due from men who possess a common civilisation and a common Christian faith. As for King THEODORE, who neither tortured nor slew his captives, and died like a brave man, we would not insult his memory by mentioning him in the same breath with the barbarians of Lucknow or Pikermes. Hindoos and Greeks alone have been found capable of showing to what depths of cold-blooded infamy human nature can descend. It is high time that we gave up the romantic illusions which we have so long cherished of the classical land—

"Wo die citronen blühn,"—

And where Englishmen are murdered within a dozen miles of the capital. Greece is, and has been for years, the plague-spot (I should say grease-spot, if my heart were not sore) of Europe. Its feeble, fraudulent, treacherous government has been too long a weariness and a scorn among peoples. We have too long been the dupe of the pettifogging treachery and twopenny-halfpenny intrigues of this most contemptible of kingdoms, which repays every sacrifice made in its behalf by unwearied ingratitude and perennial breaches of faith. Having superadded murder to its other crimes, it is possible that even our long-suffering will now be found to be exhausted. The measure of the "Hellenic Kingdom" may be considered full. This crowning atrocity will have tired out even those who still quote "the cypress and myrtle" of the land of song, and try to veil the blood and dirt of its ineffable rascaldom under the art, and poetry, and arms of antiquity. A good modern gallows, and a gun or two from which the descendants of the "bleeding sires" may be conveniently blown away, are the proper furniture for Marathon and Thermopylæ. It cannot be denied that, up to the present time, our Government has acted with commendable zeal and promptitude. But the question is once more, "What next, and next?"

If every one were not so tired of the Turf Reform Controversy, it would be worth while pausing to note how diametrically opposed to each other may be the conclusions at which two practical authorities have arrived. Mr. WILLIAM DAY—whose experience in training, breeding, and general racing matters is "ekalled by few, and beat by none"—joins issue with Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY on almost every point the great reformer considers cardinal. The *Times* is not alone in ridiculing the opinions both of the Woodyeates trainer and of his "great master;" but there will be, I imagine, a considerable portion of the racing world to whom the *dicta* of Lord GEORGE BENTINCK and WILLIAM DAY will seem worthy of some consideration. With every respect for Lord SHAFTESBURY, it seems a little illiberal on the part of that excellent nobleman that he should seem so ashamed of having admitted that it was possible for a trainer of race-horses to be an honest man. It is surely not among street Arabs and shoeblacks alone that glimpses of rectitude and integrity of purpose are to be found. And really it does seem a little over-cautious to insist that all conversations between landlord and tenant should be kept as dark as a Derby trial. Should his Lordship's theory on this head become popular, we shall be compelled to pay our rent with closed doors, and to use as many precautions in taking a receipt from our landlord as if that detestable person were the Man in the Moon.

Two prosecutions have been, this week, undertaken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the result in neither case being altogether favourable to that well-meaning, but rather over-anxious association. The proceedings at the Agricultural Hall during the recent occupation of the Spaniards were, beyond doubt, most objectionable. To goad calves in the last stage of depression with poles, and to stick pins into a "Murcian bull," which it was evident might have been put to flight with a parasol, was cruel as well as ludicrous. But Mr. COLAM had, in summoning Mr. SIDNEY and Mr. W. HOLLAND, got hold of the wrong persons, who had, as the magistrate rightly held, "no guilty knowledge or *animus* whatever that there was any cruelty practised on the animals." It was, in fact, clearly shown that both these gentlemen had been as much disgusted with the un-Seville-ized exhibition as the rest of the English people; and that both had, moreover, suffered pecuniarily by its failure. In issuing the second summons, which was taken out against GEORGE HOLMAN, the well-known steeplechase jockey, for having "ripped up" the sides of The Doctor while finishing for the Liverpool Steeplechase, the secretary was less to blame. Mr. COLAM does not, I believe, profess to be a sporting man or a practical horseman, and does not attend steeplechase meetings; and, in default of personal knowledge, he must be considered justified in relying on the published reports written by presumed "experts" in the leading journals. The evidence given before the magistrates proved what nearly every one already knew—viz., that not only were The Doctor's sides not "ripped up," but that he was not even punished with severity: a fact which was too simple and matter-of-fact for the columns of the *Telegraph*, the sporting correspondent of which coolly confessed that he was in the habit of colouring his facts to suit the sensational style affected by his employers. They, as well as Mr. COLAM, will probably not forget the lesson afforded them by the spectacle of a reporter explaining his statement that a jockey had "fairly ripped up" the sides of his horse by an appeal to the license permitted to metaphorical discourse.

London Lyrics.

No. 22.

SPRING.

SPRING! what is Spring? We know it not
Here in the alley and court,
Fog our food and smoke our lot,
Dirt and crime our sport;
Long-drawn faces and wrinkles grim,
Curses and kicks and rags,
We are deaf to Spring's jubilant hymns,
We, dwarfed manhood and withered hags.

Old-visaged children yelp and scream
Over their muddy toys,—
As they speak they learn to blaspheme,
Oath's and filth are their joys;—
Sunlight and moonlight come never here,
Loving a purer air;
Seek in vain for the softened tear,
You shall not find here one thing fair.

Toil, toil, toil, through the livelong day,
Drunk through the livelong night;
Oh, politicians and preachers, say,
What is the worth of your might?
Reduce your taxes, and licenses give,
A penny less in the pound;
Trumpet your motto,—Live and let live,—
Are we outcasts the better found?

Troubles we are, for facts are we,
Facts that you can't deny:
Tory and Radical, can't you agree
On something before we die?
What is power, and what is place,
If *party* all good can balk?
Gaze, Statesman, gaze on the pale thin face—
Can you do nothing, but only talk?

Ah, Religionists! noisy and loud!
What are our sins to yours?
We are many, but ye a crowd
Shame-faced, that ever endures!
Leave your jarring and wordy strife,
Uniting for God's dear sake—
Not all unprecious is human life;
We perish while you your janglings make.

"See how these Christians love one another!"
We have a sense of satire, too;
Who hates brother so much as brother
In Religion's weary ado?
Vainly ye preach! whom shall we believe?
Whom, of all the word-eloquent throng?
Is it not hard *any* faith to receive,
When each preacher says that the other is wrong?

Spring! let it come, with its gladdening hours,
Soft moonbeams, and azure skies;
We can but dream of its opening flowers,
And its balms from Paradise.
Perhaps there's a world where *we* may win
Peace, and no longer roam
Through streets of famine, and alleys of sin—
Even we may at last go Home.

The Grumbler.

ON the afternoon of April the 18th, a fine cock salmon—a true salmon—a *salmo salar*—weighing 23lbs. and measuring 39in. in length, and 22in. in girth, was caught in a sprat-net at ebb tide, by a fisherman in the lower part of Gravesend Reach; and Mr. Frank Buckland, Inspector of Salmon Fisheries, was immediately telegraphed for to see and inspect it. Well, what of that? What of that? Why, just imagine—a salmon—a real live cock salmon—a *salmo salar*, being caught, actually caught in the Thames. Only think of the pluck and courage of this fish—this beautiful "*salar*"—one, to use the words of his delighted Inspector, "with but few of the black X marks upon his back, and with his cheeks and sides unusually bright and opalescent." Yes, his cheeks unusually bright—bright with the blush of mingled pride and scorn on finding himself deceived as to the state of impurity of our too long polluted river. Who could fail to deplore the early and ignoble fate of this beautiful, bold,

courageous fish—who, after surmounting so many dangers, after having crossed the Channel (doubtless, with a view to ascertaining the real state of things at Barking Creek), falls a victim to his enterprise, and is caught in a sprat-net at Gravesend Reach. Alas! had he but escaped the fisherman's toils—had he but survived even how brief a time, and prolonged his swim, what a fate would have been reserved for him. Don't see it? Don't you? For the simple reason that he would have at once solved a problem that appears to have puzzled a committee, and that Mr. Rawlinson, the eminent engineer, has been ordered to inquire into and seek a solution of; and doubtless would have returned to his own native river, and there reported progress to his own scaly community, on the question as to the fitness of the Thames for forming valuable fishing water and spawning beds. He would have found that at Staines or Henley—would he? I am not quite so certain of that. Only suppose for one moment he had been lucky enough to escape the sprat-net at Gravesend, how about Barking Creek, where the northern outfall discharges the metropolitan sewerage, and where the works have turned the Thames at that point into a mass of pollution, and where the foreshores, which were formerly valuable fishing grounds, are now spawning-beds of fever and cholera? No, he was a plucky, a game fish, to use a cockneyism, to leave his own his native river,

> "The wide and winding Rhine,
> Whose breast of waters broadly swells
> Between the banks which bear the vine,"

to seek and pioneer the way for new spawning beds in one—if we are to believe the reports—still redolent of filth, putrefaction, and disease. After all, perhaps, 'twas a nobler end for a *salmo salar* to have been entangled in a sprat-net than to have been asphyxiated from a gulp through the gills of genuine Thames stuff at Barking Creek. Barking can't be a very sweet or healthy place to reside in? No one, I expect, ever said it was, did they? at least I never heard so. Besides, there is no necessity for any one to live there unless they choose, any more than there is that the Thames—one of the finest rivers in the world, and certainly one of the most needed—should be converted, at any part, into a slime pond and cesspool.

Do I know the reason so many persons travelling by rail during the hot weather prefer the second to the first-class carriages? Why, of course I do. One reason, because they are cheaper, and another (and as good a one), because they are more comfortable, being neither so hot, so stuffy, or so dusty. Just look at the dark, dingy, dirty blue cloth, saturated with the dust and dirt of thousands of miles' travel, with which most of the first-class carriages in this country are lined. Take your seat in one any bright sunny day, and, by the slightest movement in your seat, you may practically explain to yourself Professor Tyndall's beautiful Dust Theory. The fact is, the state of first-class carriages during hot sunny weather is simply disgusting, and, as I said before, can only be described as hot, stuffy, dusty, and nasty. How remedy it? Why, easily enough—by a few yards of brown holland. Have a couple of sets of light, loose coverings; change them once a-week, sending the dirty ones every Monday to the wash with the directors' shirts, and putting the clean ones on on Sunday, to match the get-up of the general public. Cost a deal of money? Would it? Well, perhaps it would; but first-class fares are high enough all the world over, and two passengers lured back from the second-class would pay for the lining of, say, one carriage at least, and one extra more would pay for the washing for a month. Besides the cleanliness and comfort of the thing, directors would not be worried, nor daily papers bored with one-half the complaints of smoking in railway carriages, and the insupportable nuisance of the smell of stale smoke when I got into a first-class carriage with my wife (of course), whom I was taking down to dine at the Star last Sunday.—(Signed) A Victim.

For myself, I do not ask for nor expect toothpicks and rose-water from railway boards, neither do I require that the first-class smoking-carriages should be lined with real morocco leather throughout; but I do urge, not only for my own comfort, and that of the public generally, but also for the benefit of the companies themselves—if they wish to "lure their gentle tassels back again" from the second-class, whither so many of the first have flown—that now at once, 'ere the hot weather sets in, they order the brown holland, and have the light covers cut out; or if they (as possibly in some instances) can't afford it, let 'em go "*tick*" for some bed-ticking, which, at all events, is cleaner and cooler than cloth, and has long served the purpose of second-class carriages in France.

The Man in the Stalls.

NOMINALLY for Plessy's benefit, *Tartuffe* was given again on Saturday last, and then she made her graceful curtsey and bade us adieu for the season. We could have better spared any of the rest of the troupe. I suppose it is one of the conditions of the Théâtre Français that all the traditions of the stage shall be scrupulously observed in the performance of Molière's comedies. The only variations from the original *mise* appear to be in the costume of the females, who adapt themselves to the ever-fluctuating modes, preserving the merest *soupçon* of the *siècle* Louis XIV. The action never changes. The rhyme may in some degree circumscribe the efforts and suggestions of the performers, but a great genius, like that of Rachel, will override all impediments. Like Mrs. Siddons, who refused to adopt Sheridan's advice and play the sleeping scene in *Macbeth* "after the manner" of the vulgar Pritchard, Rachel renounced the examples of Georges and Clairon and took a line of her own. The comedians who play Molière's pieces have not courage to do this. They accept the stereotyped business as handed down to them two hundred years ago, and are sufficiently satisfied with their own memory and elocution.

Tartuffe has been succeeded by *Les Vieux Garçons*, by Sardou—a piece of rare merit, with a powerful plot, sustained by capital acting. Lafont is unfading and unfailing. Age has brought with it strength of apprehension and the faculty of *abandon*, which was rarely called into exercise as the delineator of the *beaux jeunes hommes*. He plays with wonderful force and discrimination. The drama is intended to be very moral in its purpose—and therein it fails. A daily critic says—and I agree with him:—"M. Sardou is like an advocate who states the case in favour of his client, Virtue, in a manner that gives one the idea his sympathies are scarcely on the side for which he is retained. Domestic morality, in the persons of husbands, triumphs in the end over libertinism, presented by three would-be seducers. But the seducers are such battered rakes, or such figures of fun as could not seriously menace the happiness of any household in which the woman was not waiting to throw herself at the first man who presented himself."

Actors and managers must suppose audiences to be very curious about their ways off the stage and everyday life, and authors are keen enough to appreciate this puerile vanity and turn it to account. On no other hypothesis can I comprehend the production of such pieces as *Behind the Curtain*, with which the Holborn management has commenced its campaign. Like the *Prompter's Box* and the *First Night*, it turns upon supposed incidents in theatrical society, and is not so well acted as either of those pieces have been. Scope is afforded for scenic effect and glitter; there are two scoundrels and an intriguing woman in the drama; and, as a forged will and a house on fire are a couple of the elements of success, which long experience has proved to be unfailing, the fall of the curtain is accompanied by much clapping of hands. J. C. Cowper plays the principal villain—a lawyer, and plays it, as he does everything, with judgment and effect. On the stage, lawyer and scoundrel are convertible terms—a poor piece of vengeance on the part of authors, whose acquaintance with the members of the legal profession perhaps first began with a civil invitation from "Victoria, by the Grace of God," speaking through her respectable chamberlain, Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn. Everybody who has had a large experience of lawyers knows that they are the most upright, disinterested, accommodating men on the face of the earth, and skin you as tenderly and lovingly as cooks do eels. I have a piece in my desk, written some years ago, intended for the special vindication of the profession. I called it *The Virtuous Attorney; or, the Deed not Forged;* but it was "declined with thanks" by eleven managers, and "not required" by fourteen more. Poor encouragement this for legitimate dramatists!

When Mr. Robertson is "congratulated" on a success the jubilation is universal on the most selfish grounds. Mrs. Bancroft has "struck ile"—the upper ten have found a new pleasure—the public taste is vindicated—dramatic literature has been enriched. It was a hard thing for Mrs. Bancroft (I am sick of calling married ladies by their maiden names, or "Marie Wilton" would certainly be more euphonistic),—I say it was a hard thing to part with *School*, to which the excellent manageress and the better orders had clung lovingly for more than a year; but there was always this consolation floating in their minds—if they did not get anything better from Robertson's pen, they were sure of getting something quite as good. And "the Man" has not been disappointed. "*M.P.*" is a triumph—a double triumph—a victory over sensationalism—an assertion of the value of dialogue. It is not the first time that good talk has eked out a feeble plot. The very best comedy in our language, *The School for Scandal*, has never made people hold their breath—they know, from the first, that "soapy Joe" will be floored, and Charles, the rattler, rewarded for his want of sentiment and principle, simply because he wouldn't sell his old uncle's picture. And they feel quite secure that Lady Teazle will not fall a victim to Surface's wiles, because such fatal issues are not among the *convenances* of the English stage. They, therefore, care nothing for the semblance of plot, and are rewarded for their indifference in the exuberance of wit and epigram. "When is the play going to begin?" asked a precocious *Mees*, at the end of the fourth act; "the people do nothing but talk." "Jist so;" as my friend Owens, the Yankee, used to remark; but it is the *cacoethes loquendi* that makes a piece when the story is slender: and so Mr. Robertson has succeeded through the very machinery that made Sheridan immortal. "*M.P.*" is a delicious bouquet of conversations. Excepting Addison, who plays a Yorkshire boor, every one in the comedy speaks as educated men and women are wont to deliver themselves, who have not fallen into the miserable slip-slop and languid slang which "fellows, you know," "go in for" in these "horsey, and all that sort of thing" times. Old Dunscombe, as played by Hare, is the richest specimen of the polished gentleman, of the Colonel Newcome school, that the stage has known for many a long year. I recommend young fellows to go and see him. If they are not endowed with the bump of veneration before they have sat out "*M.P.*," take my word for it, they will next day feel something growing out of the *caput* that never had local habitation there previously. "Marie Wilton"—pardon me, Bancroft, you most polished of the stage youth of the day,—is irresistible in the lively heroine. Often as we have had occasion to fall into raptures with her exquisitely tempered vivacity, we never felt the force of her attraction more powerfully than on Monday night.

Not without a sentiment of poignant regret have I paid my farewell visit to the Royalty, under Patty Oliver's management. From first to last, the pieces produced at the little Dean-street Theatre, since she assumed the reins, have been distinguished by exceeding good taste. The broad merriment of the burlesques, contributed by Burnand and poor Wm. Brough, has never degenerated into coarseness, and the tiresome break-down has been substituted by graceful little terpsichorean episodes, which every one could relish and laugh at without being ashamed of the emotion. Where shall we look now for the wonderful old Mother Danvers, whose saltatory efforts were reminiscent of those marvellous feats ascribed in olden times to the witches who made rapid flights to the moon? And whither does Dewar go—one of the very few gentlemen of the stage away from the Prince of Wales's? And Charlotte Saunders—oh, where? I believe that Elton, a useful and rising actor, who can sing and dance, and is sufficiently well educated to apprehend the points of his author,

goes to the Vaudeville. He has my good wishes. It is said that Mr. Mowbray resumes his sway at the Royalty. *Ou revient toujours a ses premières amours*—and it is often a mistake to do so. When in my hot youth I loved Laura Jenkins, grief filled my heart that her "heavy father" refused his consent. When I saw her, after twenty years of separation, I felt that Fate had done me a service—I had had a wonderful escape. It is not safe to take practical retrospects.

Eggs and bacon are popular enough at a breakfast-table, and will bear consumption at a roadside inn of good repute. But they are not an adequate substitute for a slice of venison, with quivering fat and succulent red currant jelly, preceded by turbot and followed by—well, any toothsome kickshaw suitable to Moet's vintage—are they, now? One must have the appetite of a *gastronome sans argent* to be content with such humble fare. Judge, then, of the mood in which I, a *gourmêt* and not a glutton, went to the Royal Italian, on Tuesday, to hear Mario, only to be fobbed off with Dr. Gunz. It is too bad of bronchitis to come between Mario and one's lyrical pleasures. Gunz is not bad, but Gunz is not a cut off the haunch; he is a good streaky relish, and that 's all you can say of him. I don't quarrel with the music that was served up. *Il Flauto*, though by no means the best opera from Mozart's mint, is far better than Verdi's *Il Ballo;* yet Verdi and Mario are a banquet—Mozart and Gunz only a *régal*.

I had just finished reading Edmund About's *Roi des Montagnes*, to which I was led by the news of my friend, Lord Muncaster's capture by the diabolical tenants of the Atticon hills, when the frightful sequel was disclosed. It is not my province to dwell upon a terrible theme which will be adequately treated by the *Man About Town*, but, for the life of me, I cannot dissociate the catastrophe from the drama. *Fra Diavolo*, *Salvator Rosa*, and *Les Ballerines en voyage* all rise up to the memory, illustrating the adage, "*Du sublime au ridicule il n'ya qu'un pas*." A better exemplification of the ridiculous, however, occurs in a comic drama, founded on About's sketchy tale. I saw it a few years ago at Wallack's, in New York, well mounted and well played. Among the captured party was an elderly maiden lady. Indignant at her detention by even a very gentlemanly sort of cut-throat, she vehemently reproves his impolite interference with her liberty. He smiles. She threatens to acquaint our Minister of Foreign Affairs with his indelicate proceeding. He roars outright. Stung with vexation, she caps her menaced vengeance with an awful declaration,—"I'll write to the *Times!*" The brigand was subdued. The majesty of the Press is vindicated.

Talking of cut-throats, the transition is easy to *Robert Macaire*. That accomplished thief and assassin, who never would have had a stage existence but for the genius of Lemaître, is now to be seen at the Globe Theatre, impersonated by Fanny Josephs, who rivals the wasp in the slenderness of her waist, and the brilliancy and piquancy of its coat in her costume. H. J. Byron has not bestowed much trouble on the piece. Modern caricature, even in *Punch*, is but a slight exaggeration of the original eccentricity. Following out this principle, H. J. Byron has scarcely taken any liberties with the old melodrama. He introduces two or three new characters, substitutes a pleasant for an unpleasant finale, scatters a faint perfume of drollery over the dialogue, and embroiders the whole with a few songs set to popular tunes. J. Clarke is, of course, good as Jacques Strop; and there is a droll gendarme played with much unction by George Yarnold, an excellent comedian from the Lambeth Marshes, whom I cordially welcome to a more salubrious soil. Craven's *Milky White* precedes the *Macaire*. *Milky White* is a better piece than *Barwise's Book*, recently produced at the Haymarket; but, Lord, sir, what will not go down, with Buckstone and Sothern to the fore? I must go to the Haymarket again next week, and prate of Madge Robertson.

Macbeth wanted three ears to hear one insane youth utter the same words. I want thirty, at least, to drink in all the delicious tones which are poured forth by Monbelli and Sessi, Gardoni, Bettini, and Ilma di Murska, Titiens and Trebelli-Bettini, Olma, and Santley, and Mongini. Lacking the multiplication of auricular powers necessary to this great feat, my pensive public must bear with a little patience the postponement of such enjoyment and instruction as my musical criticisms are capable of affording. In the meanwhile, those who are partial to pyrotechnic display should go and hear Sessi in *La Figlia*. Her *cadenzas* and *fiorituri* are fireworks of the most dazzling brilliancy.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THIS week has been devoted almost in its entirety to speculation on the Two Thousand coupled with the Chester Cup and the Derby. There have been several country *réunions* in which steeplechasing has taken a prominent part; but they have none of them created anything more than a local interest, if I except the two chief events at Croydon. A new, or rather revived, fixture, was Guildford, which took place under excellent management on Monday and Tuesday. Unfortunately, the sport was not more than third-rate, either in quality or quantity, in consequence of the hardness of the ground and the close of the Steeplechase season. At Croydon, the fields were, at least, numerous, especially on the first day'; but beyond noticing the fact that Ventnor won the chief item on the flat—the Great Welcomes Handicap—carrying the top weight, and was, in consequence, backed at outside prices for the Chester Cup. Astrolabe, in accordance with Baron Finot's custom this season in France, ran second for both the Hurdle Race and Steeplechase; and that in the last-named event, Doctor, who was made a great favourite and would have won in a canter, fell, for the first time in his career, and left the race to Scarrington and the French mare, there is little to comment on. The Eglinton Hunt Meeting seems to have been attended with very fair success, and may be fairly considered the most interesting gathering of the week. We have now fairly interred cross-country sport for a season, and may give our undivided attention to legitimate sport.

Next week opens bright with promise, not only because the ladies' and gentlemen's guineas are to be distributed, but because the commencement of the month of May permits of the two-year-olds making their bow to an impatient and expectant public. If rumour lies not, there are two or three nailers engaged in the two important two-year-old stakes, one at least of whom is sure to run.

Taking the programme as it comes, I may first notice the Princess of Wales' Stakes, in which there are no less than three four-year-old fillies, of whom Toison d'Or is the best. The Spring Stakes has also a very miserable entry of four animals, so bad that the Leila colt seems the best. A 50 sovs. Sweepstakes lies between Pandore and Gertrude, of whom the former seems most reliable; and a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds has only three subscribers, of whom The Baron seems likely to be the favoured one. The Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. for two-year-olds is, of course, the first race of the season for young ones, as the one alluded to above will probably be set after it, and can hardly be termed a *race*. In this there are 36 of our future kings and queens to be, among them such rare bred 'uns as Norfolk (brother to Suffolk), Cherisaunce (sister to Achievement), Cheesecake, by Parmesan, out of Patê's dam, and Tullibardine, by Blair Athol, out of Coutts's dam, all of whom are believed to be possessed of racing excellence. I have every reason to believe that Cherisaunce will sustain the honour of her family, and, in the event of her running, I anticipate her victory with no little confidence. After her, I should prefer Norfolk, who is a splendid goer, and a very well-shaped colt, as I hear that Tullibardine has met with a slight accident, which, even if it does not prevent his starting, must have somewhat interfered with his preparation; and in these early two-year-old contests, it is condition—or rather the want of it—which finds out the weak place. The Prince of Wales' Stakes has a capital entry of 48, but, to my mind, the blot of the handicap is Royal Rake, who has only 7st 10lb to carry over his favourite distance—a mile. Miss Dayrell, 8st 2lb, in the same stable, is also very favourably handicapped, as is Adelaide with only 6st 10lb. To these three the race must be confined, and I cannot see how Royal Rake is to be beaten if they run him. Leaving the Two and One Thousand to the last (I put off the evil day as long as possible), I notice that there is a Sweepstakes for four-year-olds on Tuesday, which Sagittarius must walk over for, and the Coffee Room Stakes, in which Pandore and Gertrude again meet. The result of Monday's race will show which of the pair will win.

On Wednesday the Prince of Wales' Stakes has nothing better than Toison d'Or, and Sagittarius among the seven entries, the former of whom cannot fail to win. The Newmarket Two-year-old Plate cannot be dealt with until the result of Monday's race is known, although at present it seems a match between The Baron and Mat Dawson's stables, which possesses a considerable proportion of the entries. The match between Morna and Heather Bell may not be run, as I hear that there is influenza again at Kingsclere. Should Morna have escaped, and be in good condition, she cannot fail to beat Mr. Crawfurd's filly, who has gone to pieces since she was so good a two-year-old. The only events in Thursday's programme are a match between Prince Soltykoff and Mr. H. May, which the former may win with Johannisberg, and a Handicap Plate over the last two miles of the Cesarewitch course with 26 entries. These latter are by no means a brilliant lot, as may be guessed, when Compromise, 8st. 9lb.; The Briton, 7st. 5lb.; Furious, 7st.; and The Little Drum, 5st. 7lb., seem the flowers of the flock. Should the latter be beat to a good tune, I should say he could just do Furious at 21lb. and win. Friday's card is barren of all but the Newmarket Stakes, in which Nobleman, Alexander, Gertrude, Prince of Wales, or Demidoff, Perambulator, and the Champion are the only possible runners. The Two Thousand must cast some light on this event—perhaps reduce it to a certainty, but even now the victory of Mr. Morris seems inevitable.

At last! Well, I will put myself out of pain as soon as possible. The field for the Guineas will not be a numerous one, in all probability, what with deaths and retirement, but it will at least throw a great light on the Derby, as, with the exception of Sunshine, Bridgwater, Cymbal, and Palmerston, everything of any note in the Epsom race is in here. Kingcraft, Macgregor, King o' Scots, Stanley, Prince of Wales, Hawthornden, Astolfo, Sunlight, Claudius, Asterope, Alexander, and The Champion are the only possible starters, and it is difficult to see what chance the last six of them can possess. It requires no prophet to narrow down the issue to Kingcraft, Macgregor, Stanley, King o' Scots, and Prince of Wales. Of these I must boldly declare that I have no faith in either Kingcraft or King o' Scots. The former has, I hear, done very far from well of late, and is in addition suspected of being a roarer. The field is so weak that many people fancy that he may just get home with a kind of a scramble, but I do not coincide with their views, especially as I hear such flaming accounts of one of his antagonists. For King o' Scots I have the greatest possible contempt. He may of course win, and cover me with confusion, but it is always well to have the courage to avow one's opinions and to stick to them. If he wins either Guineas or Derby, I will never pen another line on racing matters. Stanley's single performance with Torreador at Doncaster will not bear criticism, but I hear they have tried him a fair horse at Middleham, and I shall expect him to run well, though not to emulate the deeds of his predecessor, Pretender. Hawthornden's running in the latter part of last year would show that he has no chance. I have, however, a shrewd suspicion that that form was all wrong, and that he will win many a short race before he is done with. I, however, doubt his getting a mile in comfort. On all the rubbish that will encumber the field, as mentioned above, I need not waste words, but come at once to the two on whom my affections are set—Prince of Wales and Macgregor. The former has only run on one occasion—the Clearwell Stakes last Second October Meeting—when he was evidently unfit.

I hear, however, that he has won a good trial at Danebury, and he will in this race justify my choice of him as an outsider for the Derby when 150 to 1 was procurable about his chance. Macgregor, who is a dark horse, has been tried, *dit-on*, both this year and last, as good as Sunshine, in which case the race is at his mercy. In any event, let our battle cry be—

MACGREGOR,

and Prince of Wales for a place.

The One Thousand Guineas will not be contested by a numerous field, for of the three "cracks," Sunshine, Frivolity, and Hester, one only may, perhaps, show. This may induce the owners of Thorwater, Pandore, Asterope, Cestus, Agility, and Fragrance to oppose Mantilla, Atlantis, and Mahonia. In view of the uncertainty attending the running of either Hester or Frivolity, and as I hear that neither Atlantis, Asterope, or Mantilla have made any great improvement from two to three, I cannot do better than advise your readers to back Mahonia, who looked in rare form when she ran at the Craven Meeting, and has the reputation of being the most improved animal at Newmarket. Fragrance is said to be equal to her brothers Brennus and the Géant.

Forecast.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

Two Thousand.

85 to 40 agst Kingcraft (offered, 9 to 4 taken and w.)
4 — 1 — Macgregor (taken and offered)
11 — 2 — Stanley (offered, 6 to 1 taken)
13 — 2 — King o' Scots (taken and offered)
100 — 7 — Hawthornden (taken and offered)
15 — 1 — Sunlight (offered, 100 to 6 taken)
100 — 3 — Prince of Wales (taken and offered, 40 to 1 also laid)
1000 —30 — Claudius (offered, take 1000 to 20)
1000 —30 — Normanby (offered)
1000 —20 — Champion (offered)
1000 —20 — Nobleman (offered)

One Thousand.

100 to 40 agst Frivolity (wanted)

Chester Cup.

9 to 2 agst Sabinus (offered, 1000 to 200 taken)
10 — 1 — Glenfalloch (offered)
100 — 8 — Starter (offered)
100 — 8 — Muster (offered; 100 to 7 wanted)
15 — 1 — Cherie (offered)
100 — 6 — Socrates (offered)
20 — 1 — Wild Flower (offered, 25 to 1 wanted)
20 — 1 — Vintner (offered, 25 to 1 taken)
20 — 1 — Phœbus (offered, 25 to 1, after 30 to 1, t.)
25 — 1 — Miss Sheppard (taken and offered)
25 — 1 — Blandford (offered)
100 — 3 — Good Hope (offered, 40 to 1 taken freely)
100 — 3 — Thorwaldsen (offered, take 50 to 1)
50 — 1 — Siderolite (offered)

THE JOCKEY CLUB.

A general meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at Newmarket after the races on Wednesday in the First Spring Meeting.

Notice of motion by the Stewards.—That a committee be appointed to consider the present condition of the Turf. That the committee do consist of not less than eleven members, and have power to hold meetings when and where they think fit. That the stewards shall, after due notice summon a general meeting of the club to consider the report of said committee.

In the event of the above motion being carried, Colonel Lowther will move—That no member of the Jockey Club shall be placed on the committee who is not at the time an owner of racehorses.

By Mr. Chaplin.—To add to the Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club—That, upon the request of not less than ten members, given in writing to the keeper of the match book, the stewards shall call a general meeting of the club, to be held in London, at such time during the months of May, June, or July, as may appear to be most convenient to the general body of members.

In the Arena.

THE fine weather induced some two thousand people to visit the Old Deer Park, Richmond, on Saturday last, to witness the first part of the Richmond Cricket Club's annual athletic gathering. One of the most striking peculiarities of the programme issued is the almost total absence of races, for which members of the club are alone eligible to compete; and the committee do not follow the example of other clubs by having only one race, as a *pièce de resistance*, open to the general body of amateurs; but, on the other hand, the Richmond committee offer several races at all distances for general competition, and in several instances without entrance fee. Their liberality, if we may judge by the numerical strength of the fields, was fully appreciated; indeed, the 100-yards race obtained the totally unprecedented number of thirty-eight for such a race, including all the best known sprinters, and of which number twenty-two faced the starter. The winners of the heats were Messrs. Baker, Clement, Collett, Hooman, Toller, and Wilson. In the final heat, Mr. Wilson was first; Mr. Collett, second; and Mr. Baker third, with the remaining three pretty well up. The heats of the 120-yards handicap were won by Messrs. Allfrey, Cator, Casares, Mare, Reay, and Warner. In the run-off for the prizes, Mr. Casares beat Messrs. Cator and Allfrey, who were respectively second and third by 2 feet. The most noticeable part of the handicap is that men with 9, 8, and 7½ yards start, the longest given, should finish respectively first, second, and third. In fact, the whole handicaps were races between the limit men, the scratch and short start men never being in the hunt in any single event. The quarter-mile steeple was noticeable for the fact that after innumerable attempts the exertions of Mr. J. Wilkinson, the habitual "limit" man, were rewarded with an easy win. The half-mile race Mr. Reay, who had previously won a heat in the 120-yards, carried off very easily, with 75 yards start. This race was one of the prettiest ever seen, as the large field of twenty-eight started, and the various colours of the competitors came out brilliantly in the sunshine. The three-miles race was won with the utmost ease by Mr. Scott, of the L.A.C., who had thirty-five seconds start. The great drawback to these long-race handicaps is the habit of giving such long starts that the ordinary spectator cannot at times tell which competitor is leading, and so loses all interest in the race. The club 440-yards handicap resulted in a dead heat between Messrs. Soden and Rhodes, of whom the latter was successful in the run-off. This afternoon the remainder of the programme will be got through, when a large attendance may be expected, including the Prince and Princess of Teck, if the weather only prove favourable.

The various cricket clubs are now issuing their list of matches for the ensuing season. The Surrey Club, as usual, have the longest list of county matches; while Yorkshire, Lancashire, Sussex, Kent, and Nottingham are not far behind. Middlesex has only one match, which is not to be wondered at, considering the difficulty they have had about a ground; they have, however, found refuge at Lillie Bridge, but the turf there will not be this year sufficiently set for playing many matches on. The Universities promise to keep their old *prestige;* for although many of last year's men in either team will not play this year, the fresh blood up from Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Marlborough will efficiently fill up the vacancies.

On Monday next the match between Bright and Kelley, in the open boats "G" and "H," takes place; both Kelley and Bright are reported fit, the latter having had a public trial in the skiff race he rowed last week with Wakefield. The match creates a great deal of excitement in aquatic circles, but we have heard of no betting on it. As regards the result, we have the slightest fancy for Kelley, simply through his series of brilliant performances; and, on the other hand, we have been brought up with the idea of whenever there is a match between a Northerner and a Southerner, to lay six to four on the North, and ask no questions, and which hitherto we have found to be highly remunerative business. At the Universities, the rowing men will soon be busy with their preparation for the eights, which take place either late in May or early in June, besides which the Challenge oars and sculls have to be rowed for this term.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

E	xecutione	R
A	nnoyanc	E
S	cepti	C
T	elescop	E
E	lephantiasi	S
R	emis	S

Correct solutions received from Bunch and Pie (whose, as usual, correct solution of last week's Acrostic was omitted to be acknowledged); Mandrake; West Wind; Norma; Quak-quak; Silas Marner.—Incorrect: James S.; Wiggins; Raby's Ghost.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

QUITE OUT OF DATE.

Isabel.—"But, grandma, dear, she's not a bit pretty, looks very stupid, and hasn't a shilling! What can he be going to marry her for?"

Grandma'.—"Well, my dear, you will think it one of my old-fashioned notions,—but perhaps it is for Love!"

A DELIGHTFUL REMINISCENCE OF THE BOAT-RACE.

Sweep (to a carriage-full of light blue ribbons.)—"Won't yer make room for a little 'un, ladies and gents? I'm for the Cambridge lot!"

Down with your Dust.—Why will not Mr. Ayrton water Rotten Row as nicely for the five as the one o'clock equestrianism? Among five hundred other sufferers, *Mr. Punch*, whose duties to his country detain him at his office until the later hour, has lately been half blinded on more than one occasion while taking there his needful exercise ere dinner. With the barometer at set fair, each fair lady who may sit by the side of Rotten Row gets as dusty as a miller, in the absence of Aquarius. Will our B-Ædile kindly take pity on her chignon, and bid his water-carts at five o'clock to do their work like one o'clock.

Fact.—A monster who was present at the opening of the Vaudeville, and whose coat he declared was spoiled, said when going out, "Well, it may not be remarkable for its size, but it 's unpleasantly conspicuous for its paint." If Mr. Montague remunerated this person, he made a great managerial mistake.

(From *Fun*.)

"Cut Your Coat," &c.—It is rumoured that Earl Spencer will resign the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and will be succeeded by Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who is to be raised to the peerage. After Ireland has had a Spencer so short, she should have something more in keeping with her own produce; so suppose Mr. F. takes the title of Duke of Frieze-land.

M.D. Honours.—We are informed that an Englishwoman, Miss Morgan by name, has proceeded to the degree of M.D., at Zurich. On the question of doct'rin', we fancy she might have been satisfied with being a lay-D.

Green Gages.—Young lovers' vows.

In what part of the ship does a sailor's interest centre?—In the *focus*tle.

To Students in the Museum of Geology.—It is generally believed that "you cannot get blood out of a stone." How then do you account for the fact that so many marbles are full of veins?

Master of his Craft.—It is pretty generally known that the Premier is a capital hand at felling a tree. This is a mere bagatelle—he can, any day he pleases, "make a house."

Should M.P.'s be Paid?—Yes! Many of them—to keep their mouths closed.

An Un-Question-able Good.—With a view to save the time of the house, arrangements are in progress in the refreshment departments for satisfying hon. members who "thirst"—for information.

A man ever ready to scrape an acquaintance.—The barber.

(From *Judy*.)

MACBETH.

Extra Man (sent on from the wings)—

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.

Macbeth (realistic actor).—Liar and slave! (Striking him.)

Extra Man (literal minded).—Well, sir, they told me to say so. [Exit hastily.

ON THE TRAMP.

William's Father.—What 'a yer done with yer mother, Will-i-am?

William.—She got werry tired; and as she see a friend of hers (Q39) comin' along, she pitched a brick at 'im, an' he took her home to the station.

Father.—Werry good; she's perwided for; we'll look her up in the mornin'.

RATHER A SHARP 'UN.

Young Lady.—Will this road take me into the village, my lad?

Juvenile Bumpkin.—Ees, miss, ter wool, if ye toorn roond, an' goo t'other way.

(From *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.)

FRENCH TAUGHT HERE.

Schoolmaster.—First boy. What is the French for an egg?

Boy.—Unn or oon uff.

Schoolmaster (angrily).—What do you mean, sir, by unn or oon? Dont you know what gender it is?

Boy.—No, sir. Please sir, not till it's hatched.

Why is the squirrel the most discontented of animals?—Because he is contented with *nutting* (nothing).

A Necktie.—Strangulation.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), April 30th, will be performed (first time at the Royal Italian Opera), Cherubini's Opera, MEDEA. Giason, Dr. Gunz; Creonte, Signor Bagagiolo; Un Messo, Signor Rossi; Neris, Mdlle. Scalchi; Dirce, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Lamia, Mdlle. Locatelli; Clyte, Mdlle. Madigan; and Medea, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

Extra Night.—On Monday next, May 2, Donizetti's Opera, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO. Tonio, Signor Laroca; Sulpizio, Signor Ciampi; and Maria, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi. After which the two principal acts of Auber's popular Opera, MASANIELLO, including the celebrated Market Scene. Fenella, Mdlle. Blanche Ricois; Pietro, Signor Graziani; and Masaniello, Signor Naudin.

On Tuesday next, May 3, Cherubini's Opera, MEDEA.

Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, July 30.

First appearance of Madame Adelina Patti—first appearance of Signor Mario.

On Thursday next, May 5 (first time this season), Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

On Saturday next, May 7 (first time this season), Mozart's Opera, DON GIOVANNI. Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani; Don Ottavio, Herr Wachtel; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

The Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), April 30, Weber's Operetta, ABU HASSAN. To be followed (first time in England), by Mozart's posthumous Opera-Buffa, in two acts, L'OCA DEL CAIRO.

Next Week.

MONDAY NEXT, May 2, LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 3, LA SONNAMBULA.

Signor ARDITI'S Grand MORNING CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY, June 10.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

Great Novelty and Attraction.—Open for the Summer Season. Thirty-third Night of a new and original Domestic Drama in Four Acts, by Henry J. Byron, Esq., with new scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven and assistants, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Principal characters by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, and Miss Furtado.—THIS EVENING, at 7.0, TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING; Messrs. Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, and Misses Maria and Nelly Harris. After which (33rd time), THE PROMPTER'S BOX; a Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, J. G. Taylor, R. Phillips, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne; Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss Furtado. To conclude with MY PRECIOUS BETSY; Messrs. J. G. Taylor, C. J. Smith, and Miss Eliza Johnstone. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, May 4, will be produced a Fairy Extravaganza, founded on a famous German Legend, and entitled THE ENCHANTED WOOD; or, the Three Transformed Princes. Written by Henry J. Byron. The elaborate and beautiful scenery by Hawes Craven, Maugham, and assistants. Splendid dresses and effects.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX, by Henry J. Byron. A great success. Commences at a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Mr. Frank Bristowe, Mr. Benjamin Webster. At a quarter to eight.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Fitzaltamont, Mr. Henry J. Byron. At a quarter to eight.—ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Florence Bristowe, Miss Furtado. At a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Miss Emily Mountcashel, Mrs. Alfred Mellon. At a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX.—Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. R. Phillips, Mr. C. H. Stephenson, Mr. Ashley, Mr. C. J. Smith, Miss Lavis, &c. At a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE PROMPTER'S BOX. Places can be booked a fortnight in advance, without fees. Commencing at a quarter to eight. ADELPHI THEATRE.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—At a Quarter past Eight, EVERY EVENING.

LITTLE FAUST.—The drollest concatenation of sparkling music and funny dialogue ever produced on any stage.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—Written by H. B. Farnie, composed by Hervé. "True genius . . . true humour . . . The chief success of the season."—Daily News.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—"A most unusual success. . . . Each tune welcomed with surprise and delight. . . . Burlesqued in the most humorous manner. . . . Scenery beautiful . . . dresses simply magnificent, matched by the grace of the wearers."—Morning Post.

LITTLE FAUST.—"A great triumph, not only for the composer, M. Hervé, but for Mr. H. B. Farnie, and all the artists engaged in the piece. . . . Received from beginning to end with an enthusiasm we never saw surpassed."—Morning Advertiser.

LITTLE FAUST.—THIS EVENING.—This celebrated Opéra Bouffe in English, supported by the following eminent artists, viz.—Faust, Mr. T. Maclagan; Marguerite, Miss Emily Soldene; Mephisto, Mdlle. Debreux; Siebel, Mons. Marius; Valentine, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Kurl, Miss Lennox Grey.—Box-office open daily. Free list entirely suspended.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—TO-NIGHT.

OFFENBACH'S latest and most popular Three-Act Opera Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. 11th time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

GAIETY.—OFFENBACH'S.

GAIETY.—PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Miss Hughes, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Soutar, Mr. Perrini, and increased Opera Company.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN in A LUCKY FRIDAY

GAIETY.—Places can be booked at once. No fees. Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five. OPERETTA at 7. LUCKY FRIDAY at 8. PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE at 9.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston. Stage Directress, Mrs. W. H. Liston.—FROU-FROU THIS EVENING. Thirteenth appearance of Miss Plessy Mordaunt as Frou-Frou.

OLYMPIC.—Miss PLESSY MORDAUNT will make her 13th appearance in London, THIS EVENING, as FROU-FROU. Charles Warner, John Nelson.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THIS EVENING.—The only version of FROU-FROU authorised. By Messieurs. Meilhac and Halévy. Freely translated by Sutherland Edwards.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, THIS EVENING,

OLYMPIC.—Miss MATTIE REINHARDT, Miss Maria Elsworthy, Miss Earle, and Miss Nellie Joy, in FROU-FROU, THIS EVENING. H. Vaughan, David Fisher.

OLYMPIC.—FROU-FROU.—The Original Piece THIS EVENING at eight o'clock. New scenery by Mr. Johnson. Splendid dresses by Madame Thome and Miss Ansell. Music by Mr. Winterbottom. The piece produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC.—FROU-FROU THIS EVENING.—Mr. G. Belmore in MY TURN NEXT and the 'VARSITY BOAT RACE.

GLOBE THEATRE, Newcastle Street, Strand.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Fanny Josephs.—THIS EVENING, AT 7.30, MILKY WHITE. Mr. H. T. Craven, Miss Fanny Josephs. At 9.15, ROBERT MACAIRE, or the Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out. To conclude with VANDYKE BROWN. Characters by Messrs. J. Clarke, E. V. Sinclair, P. Day, G. Yarnold, and Barker; Mesdames Amy Sheridan, Kate Newton, Wilson, Sydney, and Miss Fanny Josephs. Music by G. Richardson. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30. No fees for booking.

GLOBE.—Mr. H. T. CRAVEN as MILKY WHITE, EVERY EVENING.

GLOBE.—At 9.15, ROBERT MACAIRE; or, the Roadside Inn Turned Inside Out, written by Henry J. Byron. Received nightly with great applause.

HOLBORN THEATRE.—BEHIND THE CURTAIN. 8.15. "Produced in the best possible manner."—The Daily Telegraph. "Neither adapted nor translated; but entirely original."—Morning Post. "Very favourably received."—Echo. "Dialogue smart."—Morning Advertiser. "Invention, with plenty of Incident."—Observer. "A complete success."—Athenæum.

STAR and GARTER, RICHMOND.—"The old familiar view of the river, with that sunset effect which many of us know so well."—Morning Post.

THE GENTLEMEN'S DRESSING ROOM.—"This scene greatly amused the house."—Pall Mall Gazette. "A good deal of well-managed fun."—Echo.

THE THEATRE IN FLAMES.—"Depicted with all the force of reality."—Daily Telegraph. "Greeted with the liveliest applause."—Pall Mall Gazette. "Managed with great ingenuity."—Morning Post. "A very exciting scene."—Morning Advertiser. "Elaborately contrived."—Observer.

GARDEN COURT, TEMPLE.—"Real artistic merit."—The Daily Telegraph. "In Mr. Telbin's very best manner."—Pall Mall Gazette. "A wonderful bit of realism."—Morning Post. "A fine specimen of scenic art."—Standard. "As described in Martin Chuzzlewit."—Daily News. "Art not sacrificed to realism."—Observer. "An artistic triumph."—Echo.

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—THIS EVENING, the great Irish romantic drama, "Peep o' Day."—LAST NIGHT.

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—THIS EVENING, the Drury-lane Company in "Peep o' Day."

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—The Pattern Fair, Irish Jigs, Faction Fight. Two hundred artistes from Drury-lane.

ASTLEY'S.—PEEP O' DAY.—This romantic drama, produced under the direction of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, of Drury-lane Theatre.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—14th appearance of Mdlle. BEATRICE in FROU-FROU; or Fashion and Passion. Misses Henrade, Larkin, Turner, Lovell; Messrs. Barton Hill, Shore, Murray, and William Farren.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—137th Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE.—Misses Emily Thorne, Everard, Turner, Lovell, and a full Corps de Ballet; Messrs. Sol Smith, Young, Grainger, and Lionel Brough, at 10.15, TO-NIGHT.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—This fashionable theatre has been entirely re-decorated. Triumphant success of the grand new burlesque by F. C. Burnand, SIR GEORGE AND A DRAGON. "Supported by a galaxy of beauty."—Vide the Press. Seats can be secured in advance at the Box-office, or at the Libraries.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, THE TWIN SISTERS. IXION, by F. C. Burnand, supported by the entire company. Stage Director, Mr. J. Wallace.

BOSS AND CO.,
ST. JAMES'S STREET,
BREECH GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES
OF THE
REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.
By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
In 2 vols., post 8vo., price 21s.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

ADVERTISE
WITH
"POTTLE," ROYAL EXCHANGE.

GRAND HOTEL, BRIGHTON.—Under New Direction, New Management. Luxurious comfort combined with moderate charges. Private suites for families at reduced prices. Arrangements made by the week and for long periods. Table d'Hote daily at 6.45.—Tariff on application to GEO. QUIDDINGTON, Manager.

THE NEW VADE MECUM,
Invented and Manufactured by
CHARLES H. VINCENT, OPTICIAN,
23, WINDSOR STREET, LIVERPOOL,

Consists of a TELESCOPE well adapted for Tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent MICROSCOPE of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of Post-office Order or Stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one. Address as above.

THE LARGEST AND MOST SELECT STOCK IN LONDON.
REPAIRS ON THE PREMISES.

CHRISTINE WALTZ. Played at Her Majesty's State Ball. By DAN GODFREY (composer of the Guards', Mabel, Hilda, and Belgravia Waltzes). Illustrated with a portrait of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," to whom it is dedicated by permission. Price 2s., post free.

CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond-street.

A WEDNESDAY MILITARY PAPER, 2d. Stamped, 3d. Containing also all the Naval News. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE, published every Wednesday and Saturday Morning. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. The best record of profes ional information.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY, and all the Military and Naval News of the Week, 2d.; stamped, 3d. Every Wednesday and Saturday. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.

PIANOFORTES for HIRE and for SALE, from 25 guineas upwards. JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS, 33, Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square, W.

Manufactory—Horseferry-road, Westminster.

E. T. SMITH'S CREMORNE BRANCH, 1, NEW COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE. Luncheons from 1 till 3—Dinners from 3 till 9—Suppers from 9 till 1.

TO BACHELORS and GENTLEMEN DINING OUT ON SUNDAYS. A TABLE D'HOTE at Seven precisely, 2s. 6d., consisting of Soups, Fish, Entrees, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, &c., at E. T. SMITH'S, 1, New Coventry-street, Leicester-square.

By Royal Command.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

CUTLERY, Warranted.—The most varied assortment of TABLE CUTLERY in the world, all warranted, is on Sale at prices that are remunerative only because of the largeness of the sales.

Ivory Handles.	Table Knives.	Dessert Knives.	Carvers per pair.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
3¼-in. ivory handles .....per doz.	13 0	10 6	5 0
3⅜-in. fine ivory balance handles .. ,,	18 0	14 0	5 9
4-in. ivory balance handles ..... ,,	21 0	16 0	5 9
4-in. fine ivory handles ..... ,,	28 0	21 0	8 6
4-in. finest African ivory handles.. ,,	35 0	27 0	12 0
Do., with silver ferrules ..... ,,	42 0	35 0	13 6
Do , with silver blades ..... ,,	46 0	33 0	13 6
Nickel electro-silver handles .... ,,	23 0	19 0	7 6

WILLIAM S. BURTON, Furnishing Ironmonger, by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a Catalogue, containing upwards of 700 illustrations of his unrivalled Stock, with lists of prices and plans of the 20 large show-rooms, post free.—39, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Perry's-place; and 1, Newman-yard.

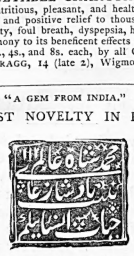
USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH.

COUGHS, COLDS, DEBILITY, &c.—LOEFLUND'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MALT, a new dietetic preparation for all pulmonary complaints. Used at several hospitals, and strongly recommended by the faculty. Bottles 1s. 9d. each. All chemists. Crosse and Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, Edwards, Sanger, and Van Abbott, Invalid and Infant Dietetic Depôt and Wine Merchant, 5, Princes-street, Cavendish square, W.

BRAGG'S VEGETABLE CHARCOAL, or Pure Carbon Biscuits. A nutritious, pleasant, and healthful diet, which has produced great benefit and positive relief to thousands of sufferers from indigestion, bile, acidity, foul breath, dyspepsia, heartburn, worms, &c. There is medical testimony to its beneficent effects in those complaints.

Sold in tins, 1s., 2s., 4s., and 8s. each, by all Chemists, and by the Manufacturer, J. L. BRAGG, 14 (late 2), Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square.

"A GEM FROM INDIA."
THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PERFUMES.



KHOOSH BHOO,
An Oriental Perfume of exquisite fragrance and durability. Under distinguished patronage. Prepared by
S. LACEY, CHEMIST,
21, VASSALL ROAD, BRIXTON, LONDON, S.W.

Protected by the Inventor's Trade Mark, and sold in Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. each; and larger quantities to order of the Proprietor, S. LACEY, Chemist and Dentist, 21, Vassall-road, North Brixton, S.W.; and Wholesale of his Agents, Messrs. Barclay & Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, E.C.

Printed by Augustus Winter, at 3, 4 & 5, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, in the Parish of Allhallows the Great, in the City of London; and published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.—April 30, 1870.